CHRISTIAN REGISTER AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1839. NO. 913.---VOL. XVIII.—NO. 6.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

STANZAS SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO MUSIC. No. 9.

Tune, Dedham.

A Paraphrase of Matth. v. 10, 11.

Blessed is the man, divinely blessed,
Whom truth and duty guide;
Who still unmoved his path pursues,
Though thoughtless tongues deride.

Yes, while he hears the threatening voice
Of wrath and power proclaim
The doom of death, he hears unmoved;
His course is still the same.

Strong in the faith that overcomes,
His heart will never faint:
The taunts, the scorn, the woes he meets,
He bears without complaint.

Sure is the promise, sealed with blood,
His blessed Lord has given,
Of kind support in suffering here,
And robes of joy in Heaven. S. W.

No. 10.

Tune, Hebron, or Wells.

The Pilgrim's Prayer.

Mighty Protector of the weak,
Friend of the needy, thee we seek;
While on thy succor we rely,
O, may thy cheering grace be nigh.

Strangers and pilgrims while we are,
Smile on our spirits from afar;
Scatter the shadows of the night;
Give to our noonday greater light.

If in the footsteps of thy Son
We have our heavenly course begun,
May we press onward for the prize,
Glory unfading in the skies.

What though the tempest from on high
Blend in commotion sea and sky?
Fearless of danger may we be,
Hoping, confiding still in thee.

Thanks for the gospel of thy love,
Mercy almighty from above;
Lord, may that gospel e'er impart
Comfort to every pious heart. S.W.

TUTISSIMUS IN MEDIIS.

'My Son, quote me not history, for I know 'tis false,' said a certain English nobleman of yore—the Earl of Stafford, if we rightly remember—who afterwards suffered death in the stormy times of the world's history. The application we propose to make of this piquant, eloquent and truth telling adage, is, that parties in society, be they political, religious, or whatever, never tell the truth of each other; and that history itself is generally subject to this law of interpretation. There are few historians, some that have written with ability and spirit, and consequently none that are commonly read, who have not swerved from the truth in the impression they leave upon the mind, unless the reader has time to examine all historical records and judgment to sift them by this rule. Thus Gibbon vilified Christianity, and Hume was guilty of the double fault of being a political partizan, and an infidel bigot. Ecclesiastical historians, such as are of note, are in the same fault; the Papists make all fair on their side, and the Protestant on theirs; the advocates of Prelacy make the *pure divino* of their claim as clear as the sun, and the Presbyterian puts it all under a cloud. The minor sects are all guilty of the same artifices, so that each one has the comfort of believing itself all right and of proving all others wrong. On this universal scramble we think it fair to write—*Tutissimus in Mediis*—The truth lies between them.

We dislike exceedingly and thoroughly eschew the inordinate exceesses, both of political and religious parties, and desire to see the time when 'all uncharitableness' shall cease, and the true spirit of Christian kindness take its place. In such a state of things the exact truth can never be know, because men generally read, think, and talk on one side. Only a few noble and great minds stand aloof from the fight and see things as they are. To all *ex parte* statements they have one answer. 'Quote me not history, for I know 'tis false.' On partisan writers and the leaders of party devolves the fearful responsibility of keeping the world in ignorance and in perpetual strife.

Leaving the political sphere to cure itself by its actions and counteractions, as an unavoidable destiny, if cure there can be in such a fight, one would think we might fairly appeal to the Christian world for a better example, and remonstrate effectually against these unreasonable strifes so derogatory to their professions. And yet, on the threshold of this approach, we are forced to encounter this common, discouraging, and somewhat scandalous saying, that of all strifes the religious are most violent and bitter. Nevertheless we are entitled to say, 'these things ought not so to be.' Why should not Christians be reasonable, and habituate themselves to consider, that these extremes of party are not so likely to have truth for a basis as a middle ground? Allowing ever so great importance to their extreme principles, the *suaviter in modo* might notwithstanding be recommended 'as the more excellent way.' Christians, differing in opinion, might respect and even love one another, in the proper exemplification of this spirit. Indeed we are forced to deliver it as our opinion, that it is the strongest proof of Christian character and one of its best fruits. Let religious opponents shake hands, and say, we are brethren, and they will find themselves enjoying the brightest luxury of charity—revelling in the pure sunshine of that Religion which is ordained to be 'peace on earth.' They may then talk, and talk about their differences; but never, never let them *dispute*. It is the easiest thing in the world to talk without disputing, after a little pains to acquire the art. It is a Christian art; and he who has tried it a little, and found how pleasant it is to come off from a conversation on differences of opinion without getting warm, will never wittingly consent to the heat and ill temper of exciting controversy. 'Sir,' said a Christian gentleman to another, 'I perceive you never argue in conversation; and yet you contrive to make an argument. But you seem to be indifferent about the effect of it. You even give it up when you see it verging to controversy; I believe indeed there is a secret in that; for I always feel unhappy after a warm debate.' 'Rely upon it,' said the other, 'you can never bring a man to your side when he has become warm in maintaining his own; but he is only confirmed in his error, if it be an error: and it is better to adjourn.'

We, Americans, are said to be the most excitable people in the world. Let us then see, if we cannot muster a little more philosophy, Christian philosophy, and acquire a better reputation. Whoever shall be pleased to originate such a motion, we shall second it with all our heart. Let us show a disposition to concede a little of truth and justice to our opponents, and not forget that history written by a party hand is always false, in that it is not exactly true.—*Christian Statesman.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

LETTERS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS. NO. 3.

Boston, January 29th, 1839.

My friend;—It was not my intention to have addressed you again so soon after my last long letter, but remembering that you particularly requested me to give you at the earliest moment any information of an interesting character in connexion with Sunday Schools, and having now such information to communicate, I avail myself of a moments leisure, to impart it to your expecting mind. Your expression on this subject is indelibly fixed in my memory. 'Remember' you said, 'I live in the suburbs of your great city and I wish to be considered a part of it. It will cost me but little effort, which I will gladly make to embrace every opportunity which the metropolis may offer, by which I may gain more knowledge of the great work to which my remaining days are devoted.' I sympathize with you, my friend, in this noble resolution. Take your little vehicle then on the second Sunday of the month, and make us a visit; and I will promise you a rare opportunity for the enlargement of your views, and the gratification of your higher feelings and principles, in listening to a lecture to be delivered in the evening of that day before the Sunday School Society. This society have resolved to give a public course of lectures, five in number, on the most important topics connected with the objects for which they are associated. When you shall learn that they are to be prepared by such minds as those of Walker of Charlestown; Thompson and Upham of Salem; Gannett and Pierpont of Boston, you will need no other stimulus to excite your attention: nor need you fear that your expectations, however high, will meet with any disappointment. The subject of these lectures I have not distinctly perhaps in my mind. But from the opinions of the Directors, of which I have some means of knowing, I am persuaded they will be such as to unfold the great principles of Sunday School instruction;—The idea of God in the minds of children; the means of cultivating the intellect so as to call out the moral and religious affections; the Sunday School as an instrument of power for the improvement and salvation of the world; the use of all knowledge for the growth and purification of the soul;—and the influence of teaching on the perfection of the teacher's own character;—these or topics like these, will be the great themes to which your mind will be called. As a Sunday School Teacher, as a professing christian, as a lover of your race, they will command your lively sympathy, and most profound attention.

You are little acquainted I presume with the society under whose auspices these lectures are to be given. It was established, I think, in 1827. It gave the first impulse to Sunday Schools among the friends of Liberal Christianity. I remember well their public meeting of that year when the voice of *Channing* was raised for the first time to commend these sacred institutions. The whole power of his great mind was elicited on that occasion, and excicited an interest which has been increasing ever since. Phillips, Tuckerman and Ware are other names connected with that occasion, whose sentiments and expressions delivered under the influence of that hour will long be remembered. This society have held meetings annually from that day to this; have given two courses of public lectures: have distributed their Annual Report to all the Sunday Schools of their denomination in the United States; have held a correspondence with the friends of Sunday schools in Europe; and by these, with Quarterly and other meetings, have endeavored to advance the great cause of Moral and Religious education among the people. They deserve the support of every friend to humanity, and I hope you will become a subscriber, i. e. contributor, as you are now a member in virtue of your office as a Sunday School teacher.

The lectures will be delivered as I am informed on five successive Sabbath evenings beginning with the second in February, at Dr Channing's Church. If you are delayed, go directly to the Church, where a seat will be provided for you. ***

THREE PRAYER BOOKS.

'I had three prayer books,' said a patriarchal minister of the gospel; 'and they held up my hands wonderfully. They were three praying mothers in Israel; one of them sat on my right hand; the other on my left; the other further along the broad aisle. I always expected to see them in the house of God, extraordinaries excepted. And they always looked as if they were praying for a blessing on the word: they drank in the truths of the gospel with eagerness. And I felt myself strengthened by them.'

Did you ever think how much good you could do by praying silently in the house of God for a blessing on the word preached? It does you good; for you are not then so fastidious, and difficult to be pleased; for a spirit of prayer fits you to receive the word with meekness and self-application; you make it a transaction between God and yourself.

You do others good: when the minister feels encouraged by your strict attention, he is inspired to speak more energetically and feelingly, it gives him confidence and enlargement; and thus you help him to reach the hearts of others.

And more: God hears the prayer you raise, and gives the Holy Spirit to apply the truth with Almighty force. Then are you a prayer book! And you will be really a preacher; and your silent voice shall be a still small voice, calming and subduing the hearts of men. Be a prayer book, an open prayer book, that all may read and be profited by reading.—*N. H. Observer.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Jan. 26th, 1839. Mr Sparks concluded a course of lectures, delivered before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, upon the American revolution. These have been valuable, as containing in a small compass, a large amount of useful information, as awakening a deeper interest in so important a subject, and as bringing before the eye, a more extended and liberal view of the general policy of France, England and America, during the continuance of the war, than can be gained from the perusal of any single history. Mr Sparks's reputation has attracted a large and fashionable audience, and he must have been gratified to observe, that individuals of every age, and class, have listened to him with equal attention.

In connexion with this brief allusion to the satisfaction, I have derived, from seeing thus brought before the public a subject of such engrossing interest as that revolution which achieved for us, our Independence, and has given us a claim to national existence, allow me to offer a few reflections, which may not be without their use.

Among my *young* companions, there are many who are familiar with the names of Aristides and Miltiades, of Hannibal and Cæsar—who dwell with enthusiasm upon the conduct of the little bands, who fought at Marathon and Thermopylæ, in defence of their country's liberties, or who can talk for hours of such heroes of antiquity, as have received immortality from the hands of Homer, or of Virgil, but who know as little of those of Washington and Lafayette, of Warren and Greene, as it is possible for them to know, living as they do in America, and with Americans;—and to whom the mystical words, Lexington, Saratoga, Yorktown and Brandywine, convey only vague and indefinite ideas. Nor is this indifference to the characters and pursuits, of those who have expended their fortunes and their strength in procuring for us, their thoughtless posterity, the privileges of free legislation and unbiassed action, confined to the younger part of our community; it is equally perceptible in the minds of those, who are more advanced in life; it has excited the ridicule of foreigners, and the regret of noble minded patriots; it extends itself not only to circumstances and characters, connected with our military operations, but to every thing American in literature, science and custom. How many read Bacon, who forget Dr Franklin? how many study Legendre and La Place—who forget the great translator of 'Mecanique Celeste.' And why is this? Is it not partly, because our institutions are so young, that they take feeble hold of the imagination—because every thing American is deficient in the all-powerful claim of antiquity? Yet, are we willing to enjoy the blessings of prosperity and peace, of cultivation and a free press, for which our ancestors struggled, without asking how they came into our possession, and how great is the debt of gratitude, we owe to those who have transmitted them to us? Are we willing to live on—without inquiring why nought resulted from the revolutions of the English and French, but anarchy and confusion, while from that of the oppressed American colonies, health,—beauty—tranquillity and order, sprang Phœnix-like, into existence? A still small voice answers in the affirmative, and says, that there is a rage for foreign things, prevalent among us,—that America is not old enough, to possess any character, that her daughters must ape the fashions of France, her sons the follies of England, that her mothers must forget the heroic devotion of their countrywomen, and tell their children of the mother of the Gracchi, or the wife of Ulysses—that her fathers must seek amusement in the pages of Plutarch, perchance of Xenophon and Herodotus, because—forsooth, our 'valleys are *yet* reeking with blood, our hill-sides *still* echoing to the discharge of musketry.' If such be the case, and who can deny it, does not he render an essential service to his country, who collects materials from which the historian may select at his pleasure, abundance of entertaining anecdote, or seeks earnestly, for the most minute details concerning those, whom our posterity, at least will honor and admire? And why not seek to render our national history interesting and captivating to the imagination of the more juvenile part of our community? The most romantic fiction, can present no scenes of more heart-rending distress, of more heroic fortitude, of stronger patriotic disinterestedness,—of more confiding love, more bitter disappointment—than the records of our revolutionary war. The old world gazes with amazement at her younger sister; England, the proudest and haughtiest of nations, has been mortified to find that a country so greatly inferior to her, in wealth, knowledge of the fine arts, and useful manufactures, in age too, and in experience, should dare dispute her supremacy upon the seas, or rival her well disciplined armies upon the land. The wound still rankles in her heart, yet haughty as she is, she is compelled to acknowledge our superiority in many things, our inferiority in few. Shall we be insensible to our own glory, to the rank, which we have gained in the annals of liberty? Rather let us strive to know and render justice to our country, its institutions and its history, and fearlessly maintain the elevated position she has so hardly gained. C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

The following is properly the conclusion of an article on the '*Early Christianity of Britain*,' which appeared in the Register, of January 12.

Bede, commonly called the venerable, was one of the most virtuous, learned, and memorable of the Anglo-Saxon clergy. He was born on the domain of the monastery of Weremouth in Northumbria, and in early youth was committed by a relation to the Ecclesiastics of that convent to be educated. He was an orphan, and of humble parentage; and being tenderly treated, and carefully instructed, he gladly devoted himself to the religious life to which he had been offered. He passed all his time in study, and in religious services, but his heart was not satisfied with the anise, mint, and cummin of his vocation—he felt that he had much to do for God and man—for his own age and for posterity; and he spent a long life of exemplary industry in the service of truth and of society. The scriptures were his chief delight. 'It was,' he says, 'always sweet to me to learn, to teach, and to write.' In the thirtieth year of his age, the order of priest was conferred upon him, and from that time to the end of his days, he consecrated himself to the elucidation of the scriptures.

The writings of Bede were, A Commentary on the whole Bible, The Ecclesiastial History of England, A Book on the Nature of Things and Times, Ecclesiastical Biography, and sundry works on Grammar, and other sciences. But Bede's life was of other importance than his authorship, for he educated many young men, who became distinguished scholars, and who were capable of enlarging the limits of knowledge in the next age. Bede was not so much above the superstitions of his time, as to disbelieve the thousand legends of the saints, that make the history of the Catholic church almost a series of fairy tales, but happily, faith in false miracles did not restrain his mind from exploring the sources of truth in nature and history. His credulity is the vice of his age—and an infirmity which was by no means limited to great men of the eighth century. Boyle, the philosopher, had faith in 'the marrow of the thigh bone of a hanged man,' for the cure of certain maladies, and left the recipe among his papers. Bacon, notwithstanding the wonderful advance of his mind beyond the mind of his age, held some notions nearly as absurd. John Wesley believed that God turned the wind for his prayers, to expedite his designs. George Fox declared that knowledge was given him of the medical qualities of all physical substances, and that he could cure all diseases, but did not feel himself called to do it. These were 'follies of the wise,'—but who estimates these great men by their foibles? We have better things to estimate them by. These very men, —and Bede belongs to that noble brotherhood —in despite of all natural weakness and infirmity, had one grand object in existence—the establishment of Truth as the sovereign rule, and chief good of man. This truth they were earnest and persevering to seek, and fearless to avow and maintain, so far, as it was revealed to them; and if something of 'human dross' clung to their 'refined gold,' who will not honor them for their work's sake?

Bede died A. D. 735, at the age of sixty-three. His death is thus described by his pupil Cuthbert, according to Sharon Turner.

'He was attacked with a severe infirmity of frequent short breathing, yet without pain, about two weeks before Easter; and so he continued joyful and glad, giving thanks to Almighty God, day and night, until the day of Ascension. He gave lessons to his disciples every day, and he employed what remained of the day in singing psalms. The nights he passed without sleep, yet rejoicing and giving thanks, unless when a little slumber intervened. When he walked he resumed his accustomed devotions, and with expanded hands never ceased returning thanks to God. Indeed I never saw with my eyes, nor heard with my ears, any one so diligent in grateful devotions. O, truly blessed man! He sang the passage in St. Paul, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;' and many other things from the scripture, in which he admonished us to arouse ourselves from the sleep of the mind. He also recited something in our English language, for he was very learned in our songs. 'For this necessary journey,' said he, 'no one can be more prudent than he ought to be, to think before his going hence, what of good or evil his spirit shall be judged worthy of after death. He sang the Antiphonæ according to our custom and his own, of which one is, 'O Lord of Glory, Lord of Virtues, leave us not orphans, but send the promise of the father—the spirit of truth, upon us.' When he came to the words, 'spirit of truth,' he burst into tears, and we with him. We read and wept again; indeed we always read in tears.'

Cuthbert, after mentioning that at the time of his death Bede was employed in translating St. John's Gospel into Saxon, adds, 'When he came to the third festival before Ascension Day, his breathing began to be very strongly affected, and a little swelling appeared in his feet. All that day he dictated cheerfully, and sometimes said among other things, 'Make haste—I know not how long I shall last—My Maker may take me away soon.' It seemed to us that he knew well he was near his end. He passed the night watching and giving thanks. When the morning dawned he commanded us to write diligently what we had begun. This being done, we performed the religious rites the day required. One of us who was with him said, 'There is yet, beloved master, one chapter wanting; will it be unpleasant to you to be asked any more questions?' He answered, 'Not at all; take your pen, and write with speed.' He did so. At the ninth hour he said to me, 'I have some valuables in my little chest. Run quickly, and bring the presbyters of our monastery to me, that I may distribute my small presents.'—He then addressed each, and exhorted them to attend to their masses and prayers. They wept when he told them they would see him no more; but he said it was time he should return to the being who had formed him.

'He conversed in this manner cheerfully till the evening, when the boy said, 'Dear master, one sentence is still wanting,'—'write it quick, he exclaimed. When it was finished he said, 'Take my head in your hands, for I shall delight to sit opposite the holy place where I have been accustomed to pray, and where I can invoke my Father.' When he was placed on the pavement, he repeated the Gloria Patria, and expired in the effort.'

What wonder is it that such men as Bede carried light into dark places, and allayed the fierce spirit of their age by the subduing power of Christian love?

——'the tempestuous sea
Of ignorance, that ran so rough and high,
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humbled by a few bare words,
And calmed with fear of God's divinity.'

The reputation of Bede extended to the continent; and Pope Serguis sent to request his presence in Italy for the benefit of his counsel. At that time the voice of command from the papal throne, had not authority to over-rule the will and conscience of men engaged in the service of God and the church. The sphere of duty was determined by the judgment and affections of him who ministered in holy things, without interposition. Bede, of course, knew that his labors belonged to his benighted country, and for England he lived and died. Mr Wordsworth thus commemorates him.

——'what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging at his will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering shade, O venerable Bede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death
The last dear service of thy parting breath.'

[From the Unitarian Chronicle]

DECLINE OF THE TRINITY. TENDENCY OF UNITARIANISM AND TRINITARIANISM.

The boast of numbers, belong to whom it may, the Trinitarian cannot properly make. A show of extensive prevalence, we grant, he has; but to a great extent it is but show. If the term Trinity be a mere sound, and stand for no definite reality, professors of it, we grant, are multitudinous; but if from the name we proceed to the reality, from the representation to the thing represented, we shall have some difficulty to find many persons in strict agreement. First, we have the Eastern church, consisting of about one-third of Christendom, and condemning the Western for heresy, and being in turn condemned for the same cause. The Trinity of the East, is, according to our Western standards imperfect, inasmuch as it does not recognise the derivation of the Spirit from the Son as well as from the Father; and the Trinity of the Western the Easterns deem more than perfect, for adding that which they omit. Leaving the minor heresies which prevail extensively in the East on the subject of the Trinity, let us advert to the world around us, and estimate the extent of agreement which prevails on this troubled subject. On each of the following points diversities prevail:—the nature of the three Divine Persons constitutes three sources of diversity; the relation of the three to each other, constitutes, at least, six more; while the mode of the Son's generation, the mode of his union with humanity, and the mode in which the divine and human natures were allied in one person, occasion again three diversities. It would be easy to multiply points of disagreement. We have, however, here twelve sources of diversity. Now these are mingled together in the minds of professors in all their possible varieties, and, as may easily be ascertained, amount to thousands upon thousands of Trinities. Of these varieties which shall we take as truly orthodox? The Council of the Lateran, held in 1215, decided in favor of Sabellianism, while the creed of Athanasius favors Tritheism. Between these two extremes divines are found of every possible shade of difference, and orthordoxy vacillates from horn to horn of the dilemma,—now alighting on mystified Unitarianism, and now on heathenish Polytheism, as the authority of some noted divine, or learned body, alternately prevails. For come time, however, there has been proceeding a gradual declension from the towering and adventuous definitions of the pseudo-Athanasian creed.

There was a time when it was said, 'Athanasius against the world, and the world against Athanasius.' We may again take up a part of the words—for the Christian world, and those who once were of it, but whom the saint has, alas! expelled—the Christian world is now, and for ever, we trust, 'against Athanasius.' True it is, that as there is no cause too bad to find an advocate, so the voice of a defender of the creed does here and there, and from time to time, make itself heard; but long has it been under the ban of the intelligence of the Christian community.

Scarcely is it now possible to find among those who assert the Trinity from the pulpit or the press, more than here and there one who maintains any thing approaching to the Athanasian Trinity. The learned seem divided into two classes, those who employ but will not explain the term, and those who hold that modification of it which differs from Unitarianism in little more than words. Of the first class we remark, that the cause cannot be a good one, the advocates of which use words that have no meaning, or, which is much the same, no meaning that can be assigned. Such a resource appears to indicate both the existance and a sense of weakness. It would seem that Trinitarians had been beaten on every position they had assumed, and to avoid further defeat had burrowed in the earth. But however good for defence so inglorious a resource may be, it will not, they may be sure, enable them to regain the ground they have lost; for certainly, if they desire to proselyte, they must needs tell those whom they address, what it is they wish them to believe.

Malte-Brun informs us, in his valuable work on geography, that the Rousniacs in Poland have suspended from each of their churches three bells of different dimensions, thus indicating the three persons of the Trinity; the large bell represents the Father, the second represents the Son, and the third and least the Holy Ghost. Some such subordination as this is what is generally held by those, the mass of the people, who still adhere to the profession of antiquated creeds. The modal Trinity is too refined and metaphysical to meet with a reception in their undisciplined minds, and therefore they hold, as did the first believers in the Trinity, one supreme and two inferior Gods, if indeed they think the Holy Ghost a God at all. At all events, influenced partly by the general teaching of the bible, and partly by the practice of their teachers, who, in spite of system, give, in their instructions and prayers, a prominence and superiority to the Father—influenced by these things, and also by the impossibility they feel of making two one and one two, the people generally ascribe supremacy to the Father, and thus divest the Son of equality with him. Is this any thing else but disguised Unitarianism? It is the thing though not the name. Every one we term a Unitarian, who holds that the Creator of the Universe is above and over all, and this is held under a Trinitarian garb by no small part of the flock of Christ. Those indeed who have studied systems of divinity, who are learned in creeds and distinctions, and gifted with the love and the ability of disputation, may have so mystified their minds as to symbolize with Athanasius or any other corrupter of the Church of Christ. But such persons are few in number, especially in the present day, while the mass have either too much sense or too little mysticism to allow the creed to get the entire mastery of the Bible. Cling as they may to forms of words, terrified as many are by the holy horror which the priest has raised at the very name of Unitarian, a large portion of ordinary Christians, nevertheless, to an extent which the observant only can measure, hold the Creator's supremacy and the Savior's subordination. Here then are our multiplied evidences of the decline of Trinitarianism. They are to be seen in the hundreds of congregations and thousands of souls who worship apart because they believe in respect to the person of the Deity differently from their fellow Christians. They are to be seen in the extensive falling away from the Christian communion, which has taken place in every civilized land. They are to be seen in the entire renunciation of those gross errors which some choose to term the peculiarities os the gospel, and the consequent quiet and unobvious return to the great practical principles of Christianity, a change which, like most other natural transitions, has been as wide-spreading as noiseless. They are seen in the softening down, in some cases the entire removal, of the most revolting features of orthodoxy, in the attempt to give novelties in doctrine currency, by the adoption of recognised phraseology; and to bolster up a falling system by the unsubstantial supports of sounds which are no longer significant of things. And especially are they to be seen in the teachings which the New Testament, combined with the strong common sense of the people, notwithstanding the efforts of the pulpit to indoctrinate them, leave on the minds of a great mass of the flock of Christ. Indications these of the decline of Trinitarianism, which, by reason of their number, may well alarm the sturdy defender of doctrinal error. The sturdy defender is alarmed, and in that alarm we see a proof that his cause is in jeopardy. The sturdy defender is alarmed, and many an effort has he made, and is he in various places making, to bring back the reign of darkness in theological doctrine. The old cure for heretical pravity is tried again. The freedom of the mind they endeavour to restrain, and the power of the mind to repress, by the bonds of creeds. But the bonds have lost their force by age. Like Samson, the mind will 'break these withes as a thrend of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire.' No, we hope, we believe, it is not possible to arrest the mind in its present progress onward. Rather do we anticipate a yet more extensive, a universal renunciation of Trinitarian error.

On which side, the Trinitarian or the Antitrinitarian, is ranged the power which models the future generation? Are the sympathies of the well-educated, the intelligent, the philosophic, with the friends of the Trinity? No: the intellectual power of the civilized world is, to a great extent, most clearly Antitrinitarian. On which side are the youth of the present generation marshalled? Many think with us. They look on the Trinity as a weakness, yet a little to be tolerated, as is every weakness of those to whom they owe their birth. They would renounce it in words as they have renounced it in fact, but they fear to wound prejudices they are bound to consider. Now who can doubt what the result will be, when, to a great extent, the intellect and the youth of the age are Antitrinitarian? As the child is the father of the man, so is one age of another, and the convictions of the few in one generation become the heritage of the multitude in the next.

An extreme has been gone into—from Trinitarianism men have run into unbelief. This we deplore. But unbelief is a temporary, not a permanent state of mind. It is an extreme

to which on escaping from absurdity men are driven before they settle down in the happy midway of truth. We expect, therefore, to witness a return to the spirit of a sound mind. The pendulum has vibrated from one limit of its arch to the other, it is now subsiding into that permanent state of repose which is equally removed from both.

Great religious changes have often been preceded by a renunciation of creeds. Such a renunciation, implied or expressed, we may see on all sides. In Germany, the symbols of the churches record not their actual, but their past belief. In the Church of England, the articles are little more than authorized passports to emolment and distinction, while, with the Dissenters, they are in some cases parted with, in others kept out of sight. The creeds of the dark ages are all but gone. We hear of them by the hearing of the ear—occasionally the eye catches a sight of them—but now they serve, as far as known, chiefly as monuments of things that have been. The creeds are all but gone, soon will the dogmas disappear, of which they were once the chosen representatives and defenders. Why are they gone, but because the age has outgrown them; because even their friends had grown ashamed of them; because the contrast was too glaring which they presented between the substantial profusion and the shadowy reality; between the declaration and the sentiment? They are gone, and soon will their venerable relics be gone too; such, at least, as far as the avowal of renunciations is concerned, is the order of nature—first, the formulary: then the faith. Such, in brief, is the history of the change in the Presbyterian Churches of England, and such of the change which, in the dawning of the Reformation, took place in Poland. We add, that names linger long after what they once stood for has disappeared. In speaking of the movements of the heavens, we still use the ignorant jargon of theological astronomy. We cannot discourse of the changes which pass in the mind, but we use terms that are derived from systems and imply notions now for centuries exploded. So now—and it will do yet a season—does the barbarous figment of Christianized heathenism, the word Trinity, still prevail in the midst of us, and all who adopt it, though the senses in which it is taken vary as do the stars of heaven, are thereby passed safely and honorably into the comprehensive fold of orthodoxy. Be not mistaken by appearances. Words are not things. The substance is gone, the sound remains. This, too, is the order of nature, and at no very distant period will the sound itself pass into that innocent class of vocables which serve as a record to the intelligent of the progress of the race. Gradually will the sound grow fainter till it vanish, or, divested of its old, acquire new associations of sentiment, and those less abhorrent from the simple teachings of the Gospel.

The last suggestion we have made, because there is a sense in which a Unitarian could recognise a Trinity. A three-fold operation for one great end the Gospel clearly sets forth; the operation of the Father who devised the scheme; of the Son who promulgated; and the Spirit which, by the sanction of miraculous evidence, gave it success; and, if this is all that men contend for, we object not to their faith, and wish them only an amended phraseology. To some such explanation of the doctrine of the Trinity as that which we have now hinted at, we expect men at no great distance of time to arrive. We do not think that Unitarians, as a sect, will become universal. In the progress of mental improvement sects perish and truth triumphs. The forms of doctrine disappear—the essence survives and prevails. Unitarianism, in its sectarian character, may, and we think it will, spread itself most widely—but this change is only one of a concurring cycle of changes which will bring about the triumph, not of a party, but of the Gospel. What we look for is a gradual declension on the part of the corrupted forms, and a gradual growth on the part of the deficient forms of religion, which shall approximate all parties more nearly to each other, and to the common standard of the Gospel. The circle of human diversities will insensibly narrow until it end in that central point whence it was originally generated, and this view is one, we confess, which is most fitted to gladden our hearts. Unitarianism is dear to us, but dearer is the Gospel; Unitarianism we look upon not as the best, but the next blest of human blessings; it is a name of war, not of peace; it implies the diversity of a jarring world, not the unity of a peaceful heaven. Were there no other *ism* in the world, we would renounce it and cleave to the Gospel; but as expositions of that Gospel abound, we are compelled to adhere to that which to us appears most like truth, most honorable to God, most benign to man. Let us not be thought to disparage Unitarianism. But highly as we deem of it—and our estimate cannot easily be measured—we dare not think any human view of truth to be pure, and holy, and benign as truth itself. To that sacred and lovely reality, to the pure full-well-harmonized and all-engaging truth of the Gospel, we fervently hope and believe that all men are rapidly approaching, and when the glorious result shall have been attained, when Christ is all and in all, who to us will care what has become of the forms of our probationary and transitory state? Heaven gained, the loveliest scenes of earth may well be spared.

But Heaven cannot be gained by the neglect of truth. Truth will never be won by continuing the forms in which she dwells with the sons of men. Infancy is the prelude to youth; youth prepares the way to manhood; and the man leads on to the immortal. Thus eternal bliss is gained through the decaying portions of earthly happiness—so with Gospel truth. All the forms of religion are ministering servants to lead the soul to God; nor is the end to be gained apart from the divinely appointed means. What then, is indifference to Unitarianism but disloyalty to God? It is a neglect of the means in a rash aspiring at the end. It is a forfeiture of the truth under a guise of respect for it. Truth—pure truth—is the reward of labor; to win you must woo; and if, while you think Unitarianism to be truth, you act by it as though you thought it error, you forfeit by your apathy all claim in that triumph which will take place among all good men when truth shall stand forth divested of her earthly garments, and clothed in the robes of eternal benignity and power. Ah, then, many a name will be honored thrice gloriously which men in ignorance cast out as vile. The sufferer for conscience-sake will prove the victor. An Eternal halo will surround his brow whose temples were dishonored with thorns, and the martyr's crown will shine more resplendently than would the accumulated rays of all earthly diadems. Nor do we doubt that then a Socinus—a Priestley—a Lindsey—will be recognized as fellow-laborers with Christ in the great work of ransoming a world. To every believer, then, in the proper unity and essential goodness of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whether minister or hearer, we would say, hold fast the form of sound words; as you have been bold to think for yourself, so be diligent in aiding the emancipation of others; by your life, by your words, preach and teach the uncorrupted word of life; go forth and send forth, 'thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the time is come for thee to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe.'

The worthy man of whose history a few anecdotes are given below, is said to be still alive, in one of the South Eastern Counties in Virginia. He was kidnapped in Africa at the age of seven years. The account from which the subjoined is copied was published in the Richmond Watchman.

THE VIRGINIA NEGRO PREACHER.

A very striking characteristic of the African preacher is, solicitude for the prevalence of pure and undefiled religion. No one, who made the attempt, ever failed to interest him deeply on the subject of missions. I have seen the tear roll down his dark and furrowed face, as he listened to some thrilling statement respecting the spread of the gospel among the heathen. I doubt whether any man ever prayed with more fervor than he, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

On one occasion, after listening with profound attention and deep emotion, to a statement of a discouraging character respecting the state of religion in a neighboring county, he said, 'There seems to be great coldness and deadness on the subject of religion every where. The fire has almost gone out, and nothing is left but a few *smoking chumps, lying about in places*.' How striking is the idea of one's having just religion enough '*to smoke*' but not to *burn!* No light—no heat—only a little smoke! Why may not the figure be extended, and the whole church of God in this latter day, considered as a once beautiful city, now reduced to a heap of mouldering ruins.

Speaking of the causes of a low state of religion, he said, 'Christians don't love one another enough. They don't *keep close enough together*. They are too much like fire coals scattered about over a large hearth. Coals in that condition, you know, soon *die out*. Only gather them together, and they at once become bright and warm again. So it is with Christians. They must be often together, in the church, and at the prayer meeting, and they must help one another.'

His attention has repeatedly been called to the plan of colonizing the free blacks on the coast of Africa. He always says promptly, that it will never answer, unless the natives are properly guarded and restrained. Young as he was when taken away from that country, he seemed to have formed a correct opinion of the African in general. Comparing their superstitious practices and degraded condition with the inestimable privileges enjoyed under the Christian system, he has often been heard devoutly to thank God, that he had been brought to America. 'For,' he would say, 'coming to the white man's country as a slave, was the means of making me free in Christ Jesus.' He often speaks, with tears, of having seen his parents prostrate themselves before the rising sun, and adore him as their god. He distinctly recollects being forced by violence to participate in these idolatries. And many a time, as he would refer to these sad and sorrowful scenes, have I seen his whole frame agitated with emotion. And then he would ordinarily say, 'If I were only young enough, I should rejoice to go back and preach the gospel to my benighted countrymen; but,' he would add, 'it would be a great trial to have to live where there are no white people.'

Perhaps no Christian grace shone more brightly in his character than humility. His dwelling is a rude, uncomfortable log cabin—his apparel of the plainest, and even coarsest materials—and yet no one ever heard a murmur or complaint from his lips. Like the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, his gratitude for what he has, precludes all anxiety for what he has not. The tones of his voice, the expression of his countenance, together with every word and every action, proclaimed, that in true lowliness of mind, he esteemed others better than himself.

His life has been one of no little toil and suffering. Perhaps the most imprudent step he ever took, was in marrying a woman who was in no proper sense a help meet for him. Without religion—without any sort of mental culture—incumbered with a large family of children, and surrounded by an extensive circle of other relatives, she only served to burden him with a multitude of domestic cares, sufficient to have crushed the spirit of any ordinary man. These people were profligrate and idle; he industrious and economical. They hung around and imposed upon him most shamefully. Often would they filch from him the products of the labor of his own hands, and then add insult to injury, by the grossest personal unkindness, and even cruelty. But all this only served to give additional brightness and beauty to his piety. Pure gold only shines the more on being rubbed. So also with pure and undefiled religion. His thoughts, his affections, his aims, were all lifted so far above the din of domestic strife, that it seldom or never disturbed his equanimity even for a moment. The dreariness of his home on earth, only served to make him sigh more deeply for that 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

Alluding, on one occasion, to these trials, he said, 'I am such a *hard headed*, disobedient child, that I need a whipping every day.'

At one time a woman gave him a long account of a remarkable dream she had had, and desired his opinion on the subject. To this he replied, 'The Scriptures do tell us something about dreams, but nowhere that I remember of any one converted by a dream, or converted when he was asleep. I can understand people a great deal better, when they tell me of what they say and do when they are awake—and when they talk about a work of grace in their hearts.'

There lived in his immediate vicinity, a respectable man, who had become interested on the subject of religion, and who had begun with some earnestness to search the Scriptures. He had read but a few chapters when he became greatly perplexed with some of those passages, which an inspired apostle has declared to be 'hard to be understood.' In this state of mind, he repaired to our preacher for instruction and help, and found him at noon, on a sultry day in summer, laboriously engaged hoeing his corn. As the man approached, the preacher, with patriarchal simplicity, leaned upon the handle of his hoe, and listened to his story. 'Uncle Jack,' said he, 'I have discovered lately that I am a great sinner, and I have commenced reading the Bible, that I may learn what I must do to be saved. But I have met with a passage here, (holding up his Bible,) which I know not what to do with. It is this, 'God will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy, and whom he will, he hardeneth.' What does this mean?' A short pause intervened, and the old African replied as follows: 'Master, if I have been rightly informed, it has not been more than a day or two since you began to read the Bible; and if I remember rightly, that passage you have mentioned, *is away yonder in Romans*. Long before you get to that, at the very beginning of the Gospel, it is said, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven, is at hand.' Now, have you done with that? The truth is, you read *entirely too fast*. You must begin again, and take things as God has been pleased to place them. When you have *done* all that you are told to do in Matthew, come, and we'll *talk* about Romans. Having thus answered, the old preacher resumed his work, and left the man to his reflections. Who does not admire the simplicity and good sense which characterized this reply? Could the most learned Polemic more effectually have met and disposed of such a difficulty? The gentleman particularly interested in this incident, gave me an account of it with his own lips. He still lives, and will in all probability see this statement of it. Most readily will he testify to its strict accuracy, and most joyfully will he now say, as he said to me then, 'It convinced me most fully of the mistake into which I had fallen. I took the old man's advice, I soon saw its propriety and wisdom, and hope to bless God forever, for sending me to him.'

For the Register and Observer.

Mr. Editor—When I sat down to write the following lines, I had in my mind a venerable friend whom I suppose to be the author of an article in a late number of the Register on the adaptation of sacred poetry to music, and of some specimen Hymns to illustrate his idea. Inexperienced in the art of versification, I have not been able to do justice to my intention; and it is therefore with great diffidence that I offer you the result of my endeavors, for insertion in the Register.

HYMN. THE GIFT OF SIGHT.

How great thy goodness, Lord of light,
That priceless gift, the power of sight,
On thy poor children to bestow!
How great the debt of love we owe!

By noontide light, or evening's shade,
From all the objects thou hast made,
On earth below, in heaven above,
Our eager eyes drink in thy love.

Upon the evening sky we gaze,
Where countless stars in splendor blaze;
And there we read thy holy name,
Inscribed in living lines of flame.

The ocean shore, the mountain peak,
Thine everlasting glory speak;
The waving grass, the blooming flower,
The ripening grain, proclaim thy power.

Our thankful hearts then let us raise,
With thankful voices tuned to praise,
For thy rich gift, the power to see
Those glorious works which tell of Thee.

But should thy wisdom e'er ordain
We see the sunlight ne'er again,
And doom us to perpetual night,
Without one cheering beam of light,—

Let us not murmur at thy will,
But love, adore, and praise thee still;
Still trust in thee, in thee alone,
And hopeful kneel before thy throne.

And as we turn our inward eyes
To holy mansions in the skies,
Fill thou our spirits with the rays
That from Thyself forever blaze! M.

The following is extracted from a Mobile paper. Our Readers will admire, with us, the great plainness of speech, and directness of application, which characterise the sermon of the youthful but manly preacher.

[From the Mobile Advertiser.]

The following extracts from a Sermon preached by the Rev. G. F. Simmons, a few Sundays since, in the Unitarian church, on the observance of the Sabbath, we recommend to the attentive perusal of our readers.

'*And he said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.*'—Mark ii. 27.

Christ teaches that the Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath. God finds no pleasure in pomp and forms. Worship does not gratify him except as it spiritualizes his creatures. Man is not made to bow down with trembling before a tyrant; but to rise to a likeness with his father. Man is not made that he may set apart a day on which to render tributary service to a sovereign; but that day of service is made for him, for his good, for his happiness, for his elevation, for his rescue from the daegers of the world. The Sabbath is made for man.

'He needs such a day. He needs it in order that he may not live in vain. Man is born for virtue. To see, to know, to serve, to resemble God is the only end of his being. Without this there would be no reason for his continuing to exist. His waking and his sleep, his ardent pursuits, his entrancing pleasures, his subduing pains, his conflicts, necessities, and disappointments, the favors and frowns of conscience, the terrors of death, all his experiences, are only meant to educate his spirit, and bring it to that knowledge of God which is eternal life. Without devotion, life becomes contemptible. Outward possessions are but childrens' toys, except as they minister to a higher good. We are walking through this earth, not that we may be rich, not that we may fritter away our day in empty pleasure, nor that we may be honored and powerful and happy, but that we may be saved.

* * * * *

'He needs such a day of rest and spiritual refreshing. The want is attested by the practice of nations. Seriously convinced of the destructive tendency of worldly principles, uncontrolled by piety, by universal consent, Christians set apart a day on which to wash the spirit free from all earth-born stains, and raise the eye, with tranquil satisfaction, from the dusty earth to the heaven which is our goal. The light which now shines upon us, sheds itself along our shores, upon millions of worshippers, and even at this moment breaking in dim dawn upon another continent wakes millions more to the same jubilee of love and rest. Thus on this sacred day, does the Sun, made holy by its mission, visiting the followers of Christ, whether collected in Christian society within the wide border of Europe, or dispersed among the heathen of India, or Cape Horn, rouse each people in succession from earthly cares to the adoration of him who made it. We feel inspired by the sense of this vast and holy society. We join in the worship of a world. The unity of the offering is not indeed unbroken. Many even in countries on which the light has fallen, pass the day in riot; and many bring only their bodies within the church's walls and leave their souls behind. Yet millions too do raise their souls in sincere and heartfelt adoration. Millions awake to a new sense of the charms of virtue. The Holy Spirit extends its sway. It insinuates itself into prepared minds and spreads its peace abroad. The penitent, the bereaved, the orphan, dry their tears and are subdued by love. The heart long hardened is pierced with sudden terror at apprehension of its fate; and the heart long agitated by remorse finds quiet and serene hope in the faith of Christ. To one who feels the brotherhood of humanity, there is something very affecting in the contemplation of a world thus turning itself to the source of being. It is a practical confirmation of the uses and necessity of the sabbath; and it impels one to join the universal jubilee with ready gratitude.

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In the immense press of business during the winter months, in this city, there is great temptation to merchants, to suffer their weekly cares to encroach upon the sacred season which by divine Providence is set apart to purposes of piety. But to such men the vice to which they are tempted is peculiarly dangerous. We all feel how much we need this day. Every one who cultivates his own character feels the urgent necessity of frequently snatching himself from the flood of trifles with which the world bears him down, to solitude and contemplation. Even the sinless Jesus frequently retreated to the mountain top to commune with his father. There he imbibed the holiness which enabled him to conquer the world. Much more do frail men, whose lives are devoted to far different objects than the redemption of the race, who are engrossed in the pitiless anxieties of business during the whole of the week, so that they allow themselves hardly a respite for meditation, need the tranquilizing and correcting influence of a day of rest. They need at frequent intervals to mount above the obscuring cloud and observe their true situation, and see whether their course is directed towards the only haven. If they allow themselves to continue in uninterrupted pursuit of game, their spiritual powers, their religious and moral instincts, will die for want of nutriment and exercise. The mind, more and more habituated to petty cares, will become chained to things which it ought not to value, and be shut out from the regions of piety and peace; Faith, long neglected, will become difficult in the extreme; and he who, as a youth, began only with a spirit of enterprise associated with lofty ends and principles, will end a selfish and worldly man. To those who thus run the career of evil, the gospel sounds its loud warning. Jesus by his example and his word, if these have not ceased to move, interposes to arrest them. Let them be persuaded that they are not safe in this unceasing tide. They must pause and look around them; they will find themselves far from the course, in which they ought to be. It is not that one day in the week should be devoted to the cultivation of our better natures, and the others to the cultivation of the worse; but the whole should be devoted to the cultivation of the better. Appetite and selfishness grow strong enough without our encouragement. The whole energy of the man ought to be given to the rearing of our god-like attributes: and the calm meditation, and study, and prayer of a day of pious rest is necessary to enable one thus to devote himself. Then he may imbibe a spirit which will sanctify his business. Then he may rise to views of life which will make him despise mere gain, and teach him a higher end of business than riches, which will induce him to pursue his calling chiefly, that by such exercise his spirit may be fitted for the skies, and that he may bring within his reach the means of benevolence and of virtuous influence. But the merchant who has no such periods of spiritual elevation how dark and dead does his spirit become! Those celestial faculties, those angelic instincts, those elements infused from God's own being, become blighted and extinguished in his breast. Foolish man! he goes on unchecked in his affairs, he prides himself on his successful negotiations, and on the luxury of his home; but there is a negotiation which he cannot carry on, and his truest home lies desolate. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? The treasures he has amassed he cannot carry with him; this the most fool-hardy knows; and it is well that he cannot; they would only prolong his delusion.

So much do men value peace of mind, and a fair prospect of future life that I am convinced, if they clearly and strongly felt that this unscrupulous devotion to business, even to the invasion of the hours of Christian worship, were destructive to their souls, they would relinquish it. But this they do not feel. They would probably tell you, that they do not find, but that they are in as good a state of mind doing business on Sunday as going to meeting; that if they go to church it is only to comply with fashion, and hear repeated what they had heard a thousand times before, and that it is but an idle and sluggish day, stolen from them, while a hundred things in the compting-room remain to be attended to. Thus their remissness furnishes its own excuse. But even if the case were as they present it we answer, that even an idle Sabbath is better than a worldy one. But it is plain that their objection lies against an ill-spent Sabbath, not against a well-spent Sabbath. We would not have them suspend their business for the slumbering performance of unwelcome duties, but for the willing and hearty worship of God to whom they owe all, and whom it is the highest bliss to serve.

Let them approach the day as the happy jubilee of their spirits, and escaping not only from the toils, but also from all the anxieties of their employments, give up their souls without fear or reservation to the exercises of piety. Let the Scriptures then be made familiar; let the heart be taught to mount in prayer, and be long detained in blessed nearness to heaven; let the whole power of reason and will be put forth to gain a clearer and wider prospect of the scenes through which as we pass, God reveals himself; then we shall not feel that the day is lost; but hold it the most precious of all. How much better is it to add to the treasures within than to those without! of how much more worth is a virtue, than the richest ship that ever burdened the seas! How much more ought I to exult at being able to pour out my prayers with confidence, than at having my notes-of-hand received without hesitation in all the cities of the world! Let the fool spend the Sabbath with his accounts; but let the wise man spend it with his God.'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 9, 1839.

We have yielded space which we had reserved for two or three matters of our own, in order to publish the Obituary of Mr Rogers, which was prepared by a relative of his, whose style our Readers will at once recognize.

Our friend, Rev. J. P. B. Storer, (who by the way, has done a noble work at Syracuse N. Y.) sent us a newspaper with the subjoined article, marked for notice. It is sensible and worth reading.

THE TEST OF CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

BROTHER MYRICK,

I like the course you pursue with your correspondents. Let all speak. Let both sides, and all sides be heard. 'Prove all things.' Judge nothing prematurely. Let the inquiry still be 'What is truth?'—This is as it should be—and this course continued in, will be a death blow to sectarianism.

How to effect a union among all the saints, is a question of the greatest magnitude. Disunion among Christians, is, no doubt, an awful sin. And those who promote it, must continue to sit under the disapprobation of Almighty God. That there should be different opinions, even among the friends of union, on this great subject, I do not wonder. The existence of this difference, then, calls for the exercise of those Christian graces, 'charity, and forbearance.'

Christianity, like all other systems, must have some fact, or facts on which it is based. That fact, or those facts, are the *fundamentals* of the system. For example: our Republican system, or institutions, are based on this fact: viz: 'That all men are created free and equal.' This fact is the foundation of republicanism. It is a *fundamental*. No man can be a republican who does not believe that fact. An aristocrat or monarchist does not believe that fact, hence he does not act on the principle of republicanism. It will be seen, then, that faith is the principle of action.—He, then, that does not believe the fact, or facts, on which a system, or institution, is founded, will not act in accordance with the requirements of that institution. Christianity, then, must be based on some fact, or facts, which must be believed, or a man cannot be a Christian. That fact, or those facts, are fundamental, and should be explicitly stated in a confession of faith, and no man should be received into Christian fellowship, who does not from the heart make that confession.

Where, then, shall we find an explicit statement of the fact on which an institution is founded? A fact that must be believed? Answer: We shall always find it in the Constitution. What, then, is the Constitution of Christianity? Is it the Methodist Discipline? No, sir. Is it the Baptist Articles? No, sir. Is it the Presbyterian Confession—or the Nicene Creed? No, it is none of these. Because Christianity existed in its highest glory, before either of those systems were invented. In what book, then, shall we find it? In the Bible, and in the Bible alone. What fact, then, does the Bible explicitly declare to be the foundation of Christianity—to be a fundamental—that must be believed in order to be a Christian? Some of your correspondents, I perceive, say, that that fact is the doctrine of the 'Trinity;' and I believe, Mr Editor, that you, too, are inclined to the same conclusion. Now, I admit, that if Christianity is based on that fact, no man can be a Christian without believing it. I am deeply interested in this discussion; because, if the doctrine of the 'Trinity' is a fundamental, I am no Christian; my hopes in Christianity are vain. But, if it is a fundamental, it is somewhere explicitly stated in the Constitution—in the Bible. If it is so stated in the Bible, will some man tell us where? In what book, chapter, section or verse? And which view of the 'Trinity' is the right one—the '*fundamental*?' There are so many views of this doctrine, and opposite views too, that it is essential that we have the right one.—Must we believe that God exists in three persons—or that He only acts in three offices? Must we believe that He has three modes of existence, as rain, snow, and ice—or, that He only has a trinity of attributes—as light, heat, and color are three properties of the natural sun? Or, which of the many clashing, and opposing systems, must we consider the 'fundamental?' This subject is important, and calls for serious investigation. On it may be considered, as hanging the future destiny of the world.

Now the question is, Is the doctrine of the 'Trinity' explicitly stated in the Bible, in any form—or, is it only a doctrine of inference?

If a doctrine of inference, only, it cannot be a fundamental. Hence, not essential to salvation. But is one of those points which a person may believe, or not believe, and yet be a Christian.

The Confession of Faith, then, of Unionmen, which shall be a test of fellowship, must not be, either the doctrine of Trinitarians, or Unitarians, of Calvinists, or Arminians. To these standards we must never refer for authority.

To the Bible, now, let us look for the Christian's Confession—for that point on which Christianity is suspended—the fact which must be beleived, or no man can be a Christian. That fact is, that 'Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ,' 'the Son of God.' It was to sustain this fact, that God pointed out his introduction into the world, by a long train of prophecies. To sustain this fact, Christ directed his disciples to search the Scriptures. 'Lo,' said he, 'I come as in the volume of the book it is written of me.' It was to sustain this fact he wrought all his miracles. He says, 'The works which I do, bear witness of me.' The Gospel was written to sustain this fact.—See John xx.—31. 'These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.' This is the confession God the Father made of him, before assembled Israel at his baptism. This is the confession Jesus Christ witnessed before Pontius Pilate. When asked, 'Art thou the Son of the Blessed,' he said, 'I am.' This is the confession Peter made, Matt. xvi, 16, for which Jesus called him blessed. This is the confession made by the Eunuch—by the Apostles—by the five thousand at Pentecost—and, finally, by all Christians, in all ages. This is a 'fundamental.' This faith is the principle of all Christian action. This is the foundation of the Christian Church—of Christianity. And to believe in him, to obey his precepts, and to imitate his example, is to be a Christian, is to be holy, and happy, is, in short, the consummation of Christain perfection, and will be the joy of all saints forever and ever.

Yours in Christian bonds, OLIVER BARR.

Conneaut, Dec. 28, 1838.

SEAMAN'S AID SOCIETY.

We have read with great gratification the 6th Annual Report of this excellent institution, prepared by the accomplished and benevolent lady who holds the office of its President.

We perceive that the Society now numbers more than five hundred members, is admirably managed, and needs only a continuance and increase of donors and friends to accomplish still more abundant good.

No one can read the Report, or reflect seriously upon the hardships and moral exposure of seamen without having his heart softened with commiseration owards that large and important class of our Brethren. We hope the Report will be extensively circulated.—It is eminently calculated to advance the interests of the Society.

We notice in the list of donations for 1838–9, $500 from Hon. Theodore Lyman Sen. and $500 from Hon. Theodore Lyman; also $50 from Capt. John Mackay.

The following extract from the Report will give a general idea of the plan and operations of the Society.

We occupy an apartment under the Bethel Church, fitted up for our purpose where we keep on hand an excellent assortment of ready-made clothing for seamen and others. The garments are made by females belonging to the families of seamen, all of whom are dependent, either wholly or in part, on their own industry for support, and must be assisted by this charity of wages, or by alms. We pay these women, on some garments, more than double the price for making allowed by the slop-shops; and on none do we pay less than from ten to fifty per cent. advance of these establishments. In this arrangement lies the charity of our system. We allow the work-woman to live by the labor of her own hands. As we have fixed the rate of wages, if she is very diligent and expert, she can earn from two to three dollars per week. And thus she is encouraged to form habits of steady industry and self-reliance; and these, with the self-respect, which is naturally induced by successful exertions, lay the foundation for improvement in her character and condition.

We have paid, during these five years, in wages to work-women, including the cutting and sale of the garments, the sum of $ 6,198, which is over $ 200 more than we have had at our disposal, as capital, for our store!

The expenses of the establishment, including the printing of the Reports and all incidentals, amount to about $ 1400. These expenses are paid; we owe not a dollar; and now we have on hand, in goods, clothing at cost and cash, a capital of $ 5536 22.

Had we distributed, year by year, the money contributed by the public, (the usual mode of charitable societies,) we would actually have given less by *two hundred dollars* than the sum we have paid the poor as wages; and yet we have now funds wanting only $ 458 of the original sum entrusted to us for our experiment. Thus, then, we have realized our hope of establishing, as feasible and practicable, a system of charity which gives the poor an opportunity of assisting themselves and opens to the rich a sure method of doing good.

Every year's experience has shown us more and more plainly, the utter absurdity of *relieving by alms, those of the poor who are able to work*. These must be furnished with employment and *paid just wages*, if we would really improve their condition. When the alms-giving visiter calls on a poor family whom he assists, it is essential, if they would obtain help, that they be actually in want, and thus they have strong motives to appear wretched and destitute as possible. Nor does this destitution long remain fictitious. They become as miserable as they appear.

But our work-women are proud to show the ladies appointed to visit them, that thy are—to use their own phrase, 'getting on well.' They may have a comfortable fire, and a little stock of wood on hand, without fearing that they shall be refused work, as they would be alms. They can clothe their daughters neatly for school, and display a new dress for themselves, without fearing they shall be censured for extravagance and reported as needing no further aid. In short, the idle pauper, depending on alms, must reveal all the humiliating circumstances of his poverty, bow and cringe, and utter thanks with his tongue, while his heart is often full of hatred and bitterness. How can it be otherwise, denied as he is the blessed privilege of hope, and the soothing energy of self-respect? While our poor lift up their honest heads, and pursue their useful labors, in the assured faith of better days to come, if not for themselves, at least, for their children.

The following sketch is designed to illustrate the importance of reforming or breaking up the *Common Sailor Boarding Houses and Taverns* in order to any real and abiding improvement in the Character of Seafaring men.

About two months ago, there came into the port of Boston three vessels belonging to our navy, the Concord, Constellation, and United States. These ships, which had been three years at sea, here paid off their crews, amounting to about a thousand seamen. Each man received *three hundred dollars*, making an agregate sum of *thirty thousand dollars*. And it is affirmed by those who are competent to judge, that in less than three weeks, scarcely one among that number of sailors, excepting the few who returned to their families or took shelter in the Temperance Houses, had money to purchase a meal of food! The honest earnings of three years, while enduring the hardships of their ocean life, the storms and dangers of every clime and sea, were wrested from them by the harpies of the land.

During that three weeks, what scenes of drunkenness and every iniquity were rife in this Christian City—*here*, where our Pilgrim Fathers dreamed they had founded 'a pure shrine' of the purest faith!

It is too shocking to dwell on such scenes, except we can hope to reform them. Is there no remedy? Can no place of refuge be provided where the sailor, rendered thoughtless of economy, and often reckless of conduct, by his wandering life, may enjoy himself and be safe?

One more extract. Gladly would we copy the whole Report did our limits allow.

Another item of expense, to the amount of $53, is set down for 'Orphan Boys.' What images of sadness and suffering are called up by those few words! Let the tender mother, who bestows the morning kiss on the cheek of her little son, as she sees that he is carefully prepared for school, and then watches the moment of his return, lest his every wish should not be supplied—who never forgets, even for the blandishments of fashion,

'Her nightly visit to his chamber made,
To see that he is warm and safely laid.'—

let such a mother picture to herself the forlorn condition of the 'orphan boy' at sea. Think of him, subjected to the stern discipline and rude buffettings of the sailor's lot; no eye to pity his childish weakness, and gently lead him in the path of duty; no heart to sympathise in sufferings, and direct his forlorn spirit to the comfort it may derive by turning to the 'Father of the fatherless' for support—and when the vessel draws near the shore, he has no

mother to welcome his return, no home to receive him. Shall we not compassionate woes like these, and be earnest in our endeavors to sustain the 'Mariner's House,' where such guiltless outcasts may find shelter and kindness, a home and protector?

The Report closes with an earnest appeal to the public to sustain the *License Law*.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipt of the following sums.

From the Chelmsford Auxiliary Assoc.	$13 00
From the Nashua Auxiliary Assoc.	26 00
From the ladies of the First Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, New York, to constitute their Pastor Rev. F. W. Holland a Life member of the Association.	30 00
From the ladies of the First Unitarian Church, Brooklyn N. Y. Donation.	8 50
From the Aux. Assoc. in Camdridgeport	55 16
From the Aux. Assoc. in Templeton, by Rev. Charles Wellington.	38 00
From the Female Benevolent Society in Petersham.	25 00
From the Aux. Assoc. in Dublin N. H.	5 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Rev. Mr Ripley's Society, Boston.	36 00
From Mr Lewis Gould of Ashby to constitute himself a life member of the Association.	30 00
From Mrs Elizabeth Gould of Ashby—a donation.	10 00
From Rev. Reuben Bates of Ashby.	5 00
From Federal St. Auxiliary Assoc.	114 20
From Needham Auxiliary Association.	7 00
From Gloucester Auxiliary Association.	15 00
From Medfield Auxiliary Association	32 00
From Kingston Auxiliary Association.	3 00
From Northfield Auxiliary Association.	40 00
From Dover N. H. Auxiliary Assoc.	27 00
From Dover N. H. Auxiliary Assoc.	*7 00

* The above sum was through mistake, in a former paper, published as coming from the Auxiliary Association in Dover, Mass. It being added to the sum previously paid by the auxiliary in Dover N. H. makes the whole amount $34 00.

*** The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipt of One Hundred Dollars, from Messrs. R. C. and T. B. Mackay, Executors of the will of Miss Ruth Mackay of Boston, being a legacy to the Association.

*** The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipt of Five Hundred Dollars from a Friend, by the Rev. Dr Walker of Charlestown.

The liberality of Auxiliaries and individuals is peculiarly timely and gratifying, since by reason of the increased operations of the A. U. A. the funds had become low.

DEDICATION AT WALTHAM.

The new Church was dedicated on Wednesday last. The services were as follows. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr Field, of Weston. Selections from Scripture, by Rev. W. Ware. Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. C. Francis, of Watertown. Sermon by Rev. Samuel Ripley, of W. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr Damon, of W. Cambridge.

The house is a chaste, commodious and beautiful edifice. The services were solemn, appropriate and interesting.

THE LATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION IN BOSTON.

The following brief abstract of the doings of the Convention, and of the remarks of several of the gentlemen who addressed that body, is all of a copious report which was prepared for the Register, that our space will permit us to give to our Readers.

Pursuant to a call of the officers of several of our prominent temperance societies, a large number of delegates and others interested in the cause, assembled in Convention at the Odeon on Wednesday morning, Jan. 20th, 1839.

The meeting was called to order by John Tappan. Professor Greenleaf was chosen Chairman, pro tem, and Ashael Huntington, of Salem, Secretary, pro tem.

The convention, having been opened by a prayer from the Rev. Dr Jenks of this city, proceeded to complete its organization in the usual manner. Hon. Daniel A. White of Salem was elected President. Five Vice Presidents and four Secretaries were also elected.

The President, on taking the chair, remarked that he regretted the choice had not fallen on another, not, indeed, through reluctance to be forward in the good cause, but from unaffected diffidence at being placed in a situation to which he was so unused. He begged their indulgence in any difficulties, if such should arise, in the convention.

He need say nothing to encourage them in this cause, a cause which had encircled the globe with its reviving influences, and was yet destined to do so much to advance religion, good morals, and the happiness of the whole human race.

The standing committee on business reported a number of resolutions the first of which now came up for the consideration of the convention. It was as follows.

Resolved.—That the success which has attended the efforts for the promotion of Temperance, calls for devout gratitude to the Author of all Good, and for increasing and persevering efforts for the accomplishment of this great and good work.

Rev. Mr. Perry of Bradford.—It might be proper to show some evidence of the truth of the resolution. He would advert only to his own county. In 1827 the first efforts were there made to obtain signers to a pledge only excluding distilled spirits. The members of the society did not then average more than four or five to each town in the county. There are now, sir, in this house delegates from temperance societies of Essex county, who represent 60,000 individuals! How loudly do such changes call for devout gratitude to Almighty God.

He would state one other fact. When he was first settled over his church, (which is one of the old fashioned parishes, and has never divided into sects,) there was *no one* of his society who did not occasionally, at least, partake of ardent spirits as a beverage. He knows of not a single individual of them who now *ever* makes that use of them.

Mr Fairbanks,—spoke of the many doubts and discouragements which attended the first efforts in the cause, and reminded the convention of how much we owe to that kind Being who has thus blessed and protected it. Instead of the row of decanters on the sideboard we see the cup of cold water, and the parent, instead of trembling for the fate of his sons, calmly preaches total abstinence to them, rejoicing that they are to be freed from the many facilities for becoming drunkards. Mr. F. referred to the progress of temperance in various States. Good tidings are coming even from Virginia. New York is active. Maine is looking anxiously at us. Connecticut *will* follow, and Rhode Island is on the advance, for, though she has taken *one* step backward, she first went *two* forward!

A gentleman, (whose name we did not hear, but supposed to be a delegate from Rhode Island) quoted a remark of Chief Justice Ellsworth; he said that 'there is Spirit enough in Rhode Island to make a *Tophet* of the Universe, and that spirit, Sir, is ardent spirit! (laughter.)

Mr. Whittemore of Cambridge, recollected that when the temperance reform began, while the only end proposed was, to pledge men not to get drunk it was said to be a chimerical scheme. But in this last election where more, much more, was proposed we have gained a glorious victory.

Dr. Jewett, from Providence, said that as to the *step backward*, taken by Rhode Island it was worthy of mention that the *people* had taken the *two forward*. It was the legislature which took the backward one. He continued to illustrate this position by various statements with regard to the late 'contest between the friends and the opposers of temperance.' The former, at the late election in Providence, notwithstanding all the efforts of the opposite party had obtained a full and complete victory, by a majority of seventy eight.

The delegate from the last Barnstable county convention next took the floor. He said that, before the reform, that county was the worst part of our State with regard to in temperance. But now every thing was altered. He particularly adverted to the reform among the seamen, 'who,' he said, 'were no longer rolling rum casks, but are proud of the name of cold water men.'—As he had yesterday heard the Marshpee Indians quoted at the State house, to prove the bad operation of the new license law, he would beg leave to relate an anecdote which he had from a gentleman who visited them as a temperance lecturer. A poor Indian went to the shop of a dealer in the neighborhood with the desire of obtaining some provisions for his family. The trader refused to trust him for a few biscuit or a little flour, but before the poor fellow left the store he was able to obtain a *barrel of rum* on credit. 'And then' continued he, 'we have them held up as a proof of the inexpediency of laws of prohibition!'

Rev. Mr. Smith of Salem, observed that when he was first settled, (in a town in Vermont) at the first funeral which he was called to attend, a circumstance occurred which gave him a great deal of pain. After the religious rites had been completed and the procession was ready to move to the grave, he was surprised to see the bearers leave the ranks, return to the house and having seated themselves round a table solemnly partake of spirituous liquors, there provided for them. They then returned slowly and solemnly to discharge their office. He was informed that in Essex county, it was at that time in many towns customary for a member of the bereaved family, or some near relative to carry round a pail of grog for the refreshment of those in attendance.—By drawing such contrasts we feel more vividly the happy change which temperance has wrought in the community, and uniting this with our social improvement in many other points we have in truth great reason to render thanks to the author of all good who has thus blessed the means made use of to such glorious success.

Mr. Burnap made some observations explanatory of the causes of drinking spirit, (as formerly practised at funerals,) as originating partly in idle fears of contact with the dead body.

Mr. Adams, of Newburyport, gave some account of the rise and progress of total abstinence societies in that town. In his own parish, a society, formed but a month since, now numbers 250 members, chiefly from the young men, their elders however, were by degrees falling in with them. He earnestly recommended young men to put themselves forward, not to wait for the old to lead.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of this city. The remarks of the last gentleman recalled to his mind a passage in the Prophet Joel,—'Behold the days are coming when I will pour out my spirit on all flesh, and your young men shall see visions and your old men dream dreams,' which prophecy seemed here fulfilled. And it is particularly appropriate for young men to exert themselves. They should not mind the fears of the old that the success which they promise themselves is an idle vision.

Some years since, when on his way to Saratoga, he had been much struck by the great number of houses bearing a sign thus inscribed—'Entertainment for man and beast.' He had the curiosity to count them, one morning. Of 14 houses which he passed 13 were thus designated as affording *entertainment*, or in other words oats for horses, rum for man.

Mr. Perry remarked that 'the *oats* were seldom to be found in those places.'

Mr. Pierpont—Sir, I stand corrected. The oats were not to be had. But what is more, Mr. President, the the 14th house had every appearance of not being inhabited.

The gentleman spoke of the state of temperance throughout our country generally. Let Massachusetts hold her ground, many other States are but a step behind her. New York by her legislature, has appointed a committee to make inquiries into the subject. Ten thousand petitions have already been presented to that body praying the enactment of a law similar to that of Massachusetts. Ohio and Illinois are active. The Governor of Mississippi; Even St. Louis, stocked as it is with dramshops, is zealous in the cause. All this, as all other mercies, calls on us loudly to render thanks to the author of all good.

Mr Crane, of Springfield, laid before the convention some gratifying intelligence as to the progress of a society in that town which includes in its pledge *all intoxicating drinks*. In the course of a year it has increased its numbers from 200 to 2000. Much of this had been accomplished by the influence of the young ladies of the town, members of the society.

Mr Case of Lowell, stated a fact with regard to the convention of clergymen, which he attended some 13 years since. A motion was then made to exclude ardent spirits from their dinner table. It was voted down by a majority of two.

The delegate from Plymouth county, spoke of the reaction which has been said to have been created by the lately enacted law. But in that county, at least, it was not true. By the result we feel ourselves encouraged to continue firm the good work.

Mr. Lunt of Newburyport, spoke of the progress of the reform in that town. He said he rejoiced that Newburyport could no longer be stigmatized (as it had once been) as 'the grog shop of Essex county.'

On motion of Mr. Grant, the resolution was unanimously adopted.

The best spirit seemed to prevail in the convention, and much advance may be expected in the onward march of temperance, as the result of their deliberations.

The discussions on the other resolutions were equally interesting. Some of the most prominent speakers were Mr. Russell of the Law School at Cambridge, Robert Rantoul, Jr., Rev. Mr. Taylor, of this city, Rev. Dr. J. Edwards of Andover, L. M. Sargent, of Roxbury, Mr Huntington, of Salem, Prof. Greenleaf, of Harvard University, Mr Crane, of Springfield, Mr Brooks, of Boston, and Dr. Jewett, of Providence, R. I., who in the course of his remarks, finely ridiculed in verse some points offered as arguments by the anti-license-law men.

The convention was in session two days.

N. B. The debates and proceedings of the late temperance convention, as reported for this paper, will be published complete, at greater length, in the next number of the 'Temperance Journal.'

Dr Lamson's Centenial Discourses.—We have read with great interest a pamphlet containing three discourses by Rev. A. Lamson D. D., of Dedham, Mass., of which we shall furnish particular notice with extracts, next week.

INSTALLATION.

Rev. A. D. Jones, will be Installed as Pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in Brighton, on Wednesday next. Services commence at 11 A. M. Sermon by Rev. C. Francis, D. D.

[Correspondence of the Register.]

New Orleans, Jan. 13th, 1839.

Mr Editor.—Knowing your interest in all good enterprises, and that you are particularly awake to every thing pertaining to the moral welfare of the South, I shall embrace the opportunity to address this letter concerning the Bethel enterprise, not only to you, but through you to your many and intelligent readers. Where to begin, I am at loss, as I have so much to say. I am now writing in the City Hotel, with my coat off and window open to the balmy, soft South wind.

Yesterday I attempted to travel the Levee from point to point, where the vessels and steamboats are moored; but gave it up; the distance being too great. Such a forest of shipping, I never expected to witness. Just imagine yourself at the head of Long Wharf in Boston; and there begin at the remotest point down the bay, on the South Boston shore, and follow up the banks of the river through Boston and Charlestown, until you cross to Chelsea, and imagine the whole space filled with ships, brigs, schooners and steamboats, three, four and even six deep, (i. e. laying along side waiting turns to unload or load) and you may possibly conceive something concerning the shipping of New Orleans. Why, my dear sir, vessels are counted here by hundreds and thousands. Then think of the vast multitudes who man this almost innumerable fleet! I am not capable of employing words adequate to express my views and feelings on this subject. Language is powerless and I will not attempt it. And what think you is done for the moral elevation and improvement of this uncounted number of Seamen and boatmen in New Orleans? My heart is pained—I can hardly refrain from tears while I write, in view of what I witness, and look forward to that day, when all will stand before the Judge of the world. My brother! will you believe it, there is one upper loft only in which services are held for Seamen! *only one*! and even this is like establishing a Bethel over at Chelsea for the seamen of Boston; who must, to attend it, travel through Charlestown—so great is the extent of shipping in New Orleans. I attended service at the Bethel to-day, as well as the Sunday school; but was grieved to find so few in attendance. Not over one hundred, reckoning men, women, and the children of the Sunday school! You may ask, Is there no other place of worship for seamen? none whatever; save the usual places of sectarianism. The Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians have each a church, and there are several others, (one of which is Rev. Mr Clapp's) but not I believe over five Protestant churches, all told—I do not know the number of Catholic churches; probably as many more—and New-Orleans is supposed to contain 80,000 inhabitants at this time, her usual winter population, yet more than half of this great number are Protestants, and a majority of this half Americans; yet, notwithstanding these facts, the moral desolation, the utter neglect, the sinful indifference to moral culture and the all powerful means of improvement of stated, regular services on the Sabbath, is too lamentably apparent. Just think, New Orleans is larger than Boston, and has a hundred ships at her wharves where Boston has one; to say nothing about smaller craft and steamboats. And yet, New Orleans has only one upper loft appropriated to the teaching of God's word to Seamen! while Boston has two fine Bethel churches, besides some dozen or more houses of worship where the sailor is heartily welcome to attend. Now, what, think you, would become of your people if destitute of all these moral influences? Why, you say, they would be like other people, where the Gospel is neglected or not preached, except at a particular season of the year. Well, then, this is the exact situation of New Orleans; but understand me, I am not slandering the people of New Orleans in giving these facts; I only speak of things as they are; and there are good causes for these effects; and the most fruitful source of all this indifference, I am fully persuaded arises from the false, vain and ruinous Theology of New England! I speak soberly; I have resided as you know for two years in Mobile, and I have also visited several large towns in Texas the past year, and am now on a visit to New Orleans; and during my travels and intercourse with my fellow men in all these places, I have never seen anything to establish the idea of innate total depravity, or moral inability; anything which justifies the assertion that men 'are naturally incapable of one good thought word or action;' No, my brother; nothing of this kind has ever occurred to my observation; but everything to the contrary. This fact will account for the indifference so generally prevalent in the South to religious services on the Sabbath. This indifference arises not from hatred of truth, not from peculiar depravity, but is the natural fruit of a false theology, and no candid man can disprove the assertion. Men brought up at the North, under sectarian doctrines and made to attend church for decency's sake, find, when they arrive in the South, that they can think and speak their thoughts too, without fear of committing an unpardonable sin; and too many, alas! who have been gathered into churches through revivals, so called, on coming here, find themselves destitute of religious principles! The moral influences of home kept them from knowing their own hearts, and deceived them; but here, that moral influence from without is withheld, and there being none, or but little, within, the effects are much as might be expected: and because this class of converts so easily fall away, and drag others with them, the Southern people are stigmatized as an irreligious and peculiarly depraved class! A greater slander, or more ungenerous and false accusation, never was uttered! I repeat it. The Southern people, born South and reared South, are more moral, yes, more moral than hosts of those who come from the North; and the greatest sinners are those many of them, who sustained a tolerable religious character at home, enough to become members of some church; because they found it for their interest or for fashion's sake to make a profession of religion and swear allegiance to some creed; and being deceived and never believing what they professed, (as thousands I fear, still continue to do) the mask is thrown off and the man is revealed, a depraved creature, sure enough. My dear Sir, you know not how many of this description fall into sin on coming South; and the Southern people are made to bear their sins, i. e. the sins of all hypocrites and bad men, who, bred up under false theology, come here to prove their virtue! and having none, they run headlong and seduce others; and this is a powerful impediment in the way of inquirers after truth. They say, 'if professors of religion do so and so, I had better let religion alone altogether, as I fear it may make me worse than I am.' Such an idea prevails and paralyzes the power of the Gospel. This will account for the want of religious institutions. It is not that the people, as a mass, hate and despise Christianity; no, but laboring under mistaken notions, (which notions contradict their every day experience and observation,) they are led to disbelieve what they were taught, and having no better, prefer none. And yet so far as morality goes, I defy you and every body else, to find a more upright, honest, kind hearted and hospitable people, than those in New Orleans and Mobile. Better merchants cannot be found. Scrupulously regardful of their word; faithful to promises and honest in dealings, as a class; challenging the whole world for moral commercial integrity. And yet the people here in New Orleans, as a class, are represented as a little interior to 'His Satanic Majesty.'

I want room to enlarge. Suffice to say, the people of the South, taken as a class, are as good, moral and hospitable, as any I ever found at the North, and I must say a great deal more so; however unwelcome the assertion may be to some. Yes, Southern people are more liberal, more respectful and quite as social as those of any northern state, and, if they had proper religious teachers, would soon equal if not excel their Northern brethren in all that adorns the Christian character.—As you know I have resolved to devote my life to the ministry, and have begun the Bethel enterprise at Mobile, and came here to beg contributions for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a Bethel there; but really, I am perplexed to say whether New Orleans does not require the money of her citizens to be expended here more than in Mobile, inasmuch as she has ten times more shipping and triple the population.

I think if Unitarian christians in Boston understood the actual state of things in New Orleans they would devise liberal means for a free church here, and there would be ample means provided for the support of a preacher by the residents. It needs but a little attention and effort for Unitarians to occupy this vast field, and do incalculable good. I wish for the talent of St. Paul to express my views more fully.

The Bethel in New Orleans, is under the influence of the northern Orthodox, who have sent out a missionary here for the past two winters; but as before said, the people generally, know better than to believe these doctrines, and Seamen of all classes, are the last to listen to them; consequently the whole mass of seamen here, not less than 10,000, are utterly destitute of a preacher! I feel deeply on this subject. A free church ought to be established here on the ground of that I proposed for Mobile; and if funds could be raised, I do think New Orleans should not be forgotten. I want room to say more.

H. B. B.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

ROBERT ROGERS, ESQ.

Died on Sunday morning last, very suddenly, Robert Rogers, in the 66th year of his age.

When men, who have been conspicuous by station or ability, are taken away, it is thought fit, that their claims on public respect should be set forth. But it is still more fit, when excellent men, who have lived in comparative obscurity, are removed, that the world should know what it has lost and should be profited by a record of their virtues. The individual, whose death is now announced, drew little notice, and it is this consideration chiefly which induces a friend to bear this testimony to his worth.

Few men deserve more to be commemorated than Mr Rogers. Like Aristides in Athens, he was known among his friends as 'the Just.' His integrity and truth were so peculiar, so spotless, so bright, that they rose up spontaneously to the minds of such of us as enjoyed his intimacy, when we saw him or heard his name. They formed his very being. We felt as if the bribe of the universe could not tempt him to a wrong deed; and as if all our interests would be safer in his hands, with no pledge but his word, than in the hands of most men, though bound by oaths and every legal shackle. Nor was his justice confined to pecuniary transactions. There was a delicate sense of honor, which pervaded his whole life. He would have shrunk from the slightest appearance of narrowness, meanness or indirectness as from a crime; and his generous indignation was accustomed to utter itself without calculation against unworthy acts, no matter by whom performed. His self respect however, had no alloy of pride. He was distinguished by modesty, was free from all pretension, and would undoubtedly have succeeded better in the world, had he been less fearful of urging his claims on others. He was naturally stern; his manners sometimes seemed severe; and his will was sometimes too unbending; but with these excesses of a strong character, he was a man of true generosity, ever ready to good works, full of sympathy towards those whom his narrow means did not allow him to assist, and singularly tender and profuse of kind offices towards the suffering in the limited circle where he was able to do good. His asperities of character were more and more softened by those trials which too often hurt the temper, and his friends saw and rejoiced to see him growing in goodness to the last hour.

His religious principles partook of the strength of his character. His convictions of the truth and excellence of Christianity were engraven on his inmost soul, and he was a man to seal them with his blood. In one respect he reminded us of our puritan fathers. His attachment to the house of God was unbounded. It had the strength of an instinct. Next to his home, the dearest place on earth was the church; his happiest day was Sunday; and an oratorio on the evening of that day his greatest luxury. When feeble and in pain, he would drag his limbs to the house of prayer; and in illness the greatest privation was, that he lost the benefits of public worship. There was a peculiar beauty and fitness in that dispensation of providence, which removed such a man from earth on the morning of the Lord's day. He retired to rest on Saturday night in more than usual health, anticipating, we doubt not, the repose and blessings of the next hallowed morning. He awoke that morning only to take a last look of the earth, and instead of meeting his accustomed fellow-worshippers, was removed to the temple not made with hands and to the spirits of *the Just* made perfect.

It pleased God to try this good man sorely. He was often visited with excruciating pain, and was often shut up when his narrow circumstances required perpetual labor. The most terrible apprehension to such a man, that of debts which he could not pay, preyed on his spirits; but he bore these trials with heroic firmness. If any thing could overpower him, it was the thought of being burdensome to his friends. No pressure of evil could abate for a moment the delicacy and elevation of his mind. His difficulties were sometimes aggravated by unkindness and ingratitude; but though keenly alive to injuries inflicted on others, he was singularly forbearing when they fell on himself.

At length, his hour of release came and most unexpectedly. But death, though sudden, did not find him unprepared. The change took place too rapidly to allow him to leave a word of comfort to his friends; but after so eloquent a life, there was no need of parting words. A light shone on those who loved him from his whole path; a voice, more genuine than that of the death bed, came to them from a long course of duties faithfully discharged, and of trials nobly borne. No sooner had the last agony passed, than his countenance settled into a beautiful repose, which spoke of the rest into which he had entered. The freshness, sweetness, tranquillity of earlier years seemed to have returned. The marks of care, which he had long worn, all vanished. Instead of death, a new life seemed to be breathed into him, and he looked as if about to speak in more cheerful and benignant tones, than we had ever heard from his lips.

This short tribute is paid to a good man, not to gratify affectionate survivors, but chiefly to bear witness to an encouraging truth, which is much needed in a world, where evil is so continually pressing on our eyes. We learn, from the subject of this obituary notice, that the purest virtue is little known, and of consequence that the virtuous are never to despond, even when it seems most rare. This city did not contain a man of higher and stronger *principle* than Mr Rogers, and yet he led an obscure and unprosperous life. He wanted the power, and qualities which ensure success. He was gifted with no uncommon powers of mind. There was nothing striking, in his manner or appearance. With such disadvantages he could not be conspicuous; and yet he was among the truly great. He was raised immeasurably by invincible, disinterested rectitude above most of those who fill the world's eye. A more heroic character we have seldom seen; and yet he was little known—he is missed by few; and will soon be forgotten, except in the narrow circle of his daily walks. To those who think distinction the appropriate reward of virtue, his lot may seem mysterious; but his was one of the few conditions which have no mystery. We saw in him pain and disappointment bearing their designed and most precious fruits. We saw him the richer for his poverty. We saw him vindicating God's appointments by the glorious use to which he turned them. At this moment, how much brighter does his life appear to the few who understood him, than if he had gone down to the grave loaded with prosperity and followed with acclamations. Now, that his race is run, and his toil ended, we account him among the most prosperous of his race; and we have made this brief record, that the unknown good and great may be strengthened by his example to do their work and bear their burden with trustful, silent firmness; and that all may be instructed, that there is a treasure infinitely more precious than this world's honor or success.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY LECTURES.

A course of five lectures before the Sunday School Society on subjects relating to moral and religious education, will be given at the Rev Dr. Channing's church in Federal street, successive Sunday evenings,—the first, by the Rev Dr. Walker of Charlstown on Sunday, the 10th inst, at 7 o'clock P M.—Subject, *The idea of God in the minds of children.*

Sunday School teachers, and others interested in the cause, are respectfully invited to attend.

J. F. Flagg,
E. Cobb,
R. W. Bayley
W. A. Wekks,
L. G. Pray,
} *Commitee of Arrange'ts.*

Feb. 2.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Monday evening, by Rev. Mr Bartol, Wm W. Cutter, M. D. to Miss Charlotte, daughter of Phineas Upham, Esq.

In West Cambridge, Jan. 31, by Rev. Mr Damon, Mr Samuel Butterfield to Miss Miranda Whittemore.

DEATHS.

In this city, yesterday morning, of croup, Lewis Dodge, eldest child of Mr Jonathan D. Wheeler. 2.

In this city, Mr Sullivan Davis, 62.

In Easton, Jan. 29th, Mr Richard Wild, 73.

In Lancaster on Sunday morning, Miss Louisa, eldest daughter of Mr Oliver Everett, 26.

In Gloucester, 3d inst Capt David Stanwood, 32.

In New York, 3d inst. Miss Hannah Margaret, daughter of Mr John Roulstone, formerly of Boston 17.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 14th, Mrs Caroline T. wife of Professor Willard Parker, and daughter of the late Dr Luther Allen of Sterling Mass.

In Cincinnati, Jan 23, of consumption, Mr Eustace M'Kay, formerly of Pittfield, Mass. 20.

NEW BOOKSTORE.—WILLIAM CROSBY & Co., Publishers, Booksellers & Stationers, 118 Washington street, have for sale a new and extensive assortment of Books, Stationary, &c. &c. on as good terms as at any other store in the city.

W. C. & Co. publish and have for sale the following among many valuable and popular Juveniles:—

Rollo at School. By Jacob Abbott.
Rollo's vacation. " " "
Social Amusements, Holidays at Aunt Adela's Cottage.
Holiday stories, in Prose and Verse.
The Book of the Months, a Gift for the Young.

'The marked approbation bestowed upon these little volumes by judicious and discriminating minds, fully authorize the belief that they are destined to hold a high and permanent place among juvenile classes.'

Parley's Christmas Tales.
" " Gift.
" " Rambles in Great Britain.
Youth's Keepsake, &c. &c.

Also, an assortment of Books suitable for Christmas and New Year Presents, comprising the principal English and American Annuals, and other valuable Books in splendid Bindings.

In addition to the above, W. C. and Co. supply the following Books to the trade and at retail, viz:—The Token and Atlantic Souvenir—The Ladies' Annual Register—Mudie's Physical Man—Abercrombie's Moral and Intellectual Powers, revised by the Messrs Abbott Mount Vernon Reader, by do.—Mrs Child's History of the Condition of Women—Woman as she should be, &c. &c. &c. f 9

NOTICE.

Mr. Brownson will preach at the Masonic Temple To morrow [Sunday] at the usual hours of Religious Worship. *Seats Free.*

ENGLISH THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

JOANNA Baillie's Nature and Dignity of Christ, 8vo.
Locke on the Reasonableness of Christianity,
Wakefield's Evidences of Christianity,
Yates's Vindication of Unitarianism,
Johns's Essay on the Proem of John's Gospel,
Dr. Price's Dissertation on Providence, &c.
Caffe's Life of Christ, 8vo.
Belsham's Translation and Exposition of Paul's Epistle,
Martineau's Rationale of Religious Enquiry,
Sir Isaac Newton on Two Corruptions of Scripture,
Lardner's Two Schemes of a Trinity,
Milton on the Trinity,
Hartley en the Truth of the Christian Religion,
Griesbach's Improved Version of the N. Testament,
Prayers for the use of Families,
Hayner's Scripture Account of the Attributes and Worship of God,
Acton on the Dignity, Office, and Work of Christ,
Farmer on the Demoniacs, of the New Testament,
Farmer on Miracles,
Farmer on the Nature and Design of Christ's Temptations,
Tracts of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association,
Wood's Bible Stories,
Carpenter's Reply to Bishop Magee,
Carpenter's Harmony of the Gospels, 8vo. Received and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington street. feb 9

ABERCOMBIE ON THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. The Harmony of the Christian Faith and Christian Character; and the Culture and Discipline of the mind. By John Abercrombie, M. D. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court st. f 9

A. U. A.

OFFICE of the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, at No. 124 Washington st., opposite School street. 1stf 112

THE LIFE OF CHRIST—Together with the Lives, Transactions, and sufferings of the Apostles, &c. To which is added the History of the Jews. By John Fleetwood, D. D. Received by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court st. f 9

DR CHANNING'S SELF-CULTURE. A cheap edition of Dr Channing's Lecture on Self-Culture, is just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Price 12 1-2 cents. 134 Washington street. f 9

BULFINCH STREET LECTURES.—The lecture in the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Dean's church in Bulfinch street will be delivered on Wednesday evening next by Rev. E. M. Stone of Beverly. Subject, *The Power of Truth.* Service to commence at 7 o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend. f 9

ABERCROMBIE'S BOOK.—*The harmony of Christian faith and Character, and the culture and discipline of the mind.* By John Abercrombie, M. D. F. R. S. E. This day received and for sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street. f 9

TRAVELERS' AND EMIGRANTS' GUIDE—Wisconin and Iowa, by Henry I. Abel, accompanied with a new and improved map of those Territories, with the addition of parts of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, &c. Just received and for sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 121 Washington street. f 2

THE MEDICAL ALMANAC—A very useful Memorandom Book for Physicians. By J. V. C. Smith, M. D.

Book of Gems, for 1836, 7 and 8—being selections from the best English Poets.

The Ruins of Athens; Titanius Banquet, and other Poems, by G. Hill. For sale at TICKNOR'S f 2

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS, and *new supplies*.—Moore's Lalla Rookh, octavo, illustrations.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, same style, 12mo. Illustrated.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Lady of the Lake, Marmion, &c.
The Green House, with fine colored Engravings.
The Flower garden, in the same beautiful style.
Heads of the People, four Illustrations.
Pictorial edition of Shakspeare—Part I. containing Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Pictorial edition of the Arabian Nights, the 8 first Nos.
Walker on Intermarriage.
Wood's Views in London, many engravings.
Arabian Night, in 4 vols. 16mo.
Lewis's Tales, Elizabeth, Milton, Vicar of Wakefield, &c.
Retsch's illustrations of King Lear.
Opinions of Learned and Eminent Men, on the Truth, Style, and Importance of the Holy Bible.
The Floral Cabinet, with splendid illustrations of Flowers, colored after nature.
Chess for Beginners, in series of progressive lessons showing the most approved method of beginning and ending the game, &c. By William Lewis.
The Chess Player's Hand Book; containing a full account of the game of Chess, and the best mode of playing it.
The History of London illustrated by Views in London and Westminster, engraved by John Woods, from Original drawings, by Shepherd, Garland, Salmon, Topham, Clarke, Browne, Roberts, &c.
The Shakspeare Gallery, containing the principal Female Characters in the plays of the great Poet. Engraved in the most highly finished manner, from drawings by the first artists, under the direction and superintendance of Mr Charles Heath.
For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. f 16

KEITH'S *Demonstration of the truth of Christianity*—Demonstration of the truth of the Christian Religion; by Alexander Keith, D D. author of the Evidence of Christianity,' &c. 1 vol. Just received and for sale by
CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS BROWN,
f 3 112, Washington street.

MASSACHUSETTS REGISTER, containing the Tariff of Duties altered for 1839. Also, the City Officers of Boston, Salem and Lowell. The State Legislature, Judges, Councillors, Attorneys, Sheriffs and their Deputies, Justices, Notaries, Coroners, Clergy, Physicians, Militia, Charitable and Literary Institutions, Banks & Insurance Companies, Masters in Chancery, United States Congress, Army and Navy, &c. For sale by JAMES LORING, 132 Washington Street.—Also for sale, Goodwin's Town Officer, revised by Thomas. f 9

FOR sale, an elegant Mahogany TABLE, designed for a Pulpit, and suitable for a Communion Table. Inquire at this office. jan 26

CHARLES C. LITTLE & CO.
PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,
at the Store recently occupied by
HILLIARD, GRAY & Co.,
No. 112 *Washington street*,
Charles C. Little, Boston.
James Brown.

ABERCROMBIE ON THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.—The Harmony of the Christian Faith and Christian Character, and the Culture and Discipline of the Mind; by John Abercrombie, M.D. For sale at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School streets. f 9

THIS day received, and for sale at TICKNOR'S, the Harmony of Christian Faith and Christian Character, and the Culture and Discipline of the Mind—by John Abercombie, M. D. R. S. E., author of the Philosopy of the Moral Feelings, &c. &c.

Keith's Demonstration of the truth of Christianity. f 9

TO THE LADIES.

THE MISSES HUNT, Female Physicians, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Champoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

The great success which has attended their treatment of Diseases, and the propriety of Ladies consulting one of their own sex, render any argument in favor of their practice unnecessary.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Advice Gratis. jan 19

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS, 101 State street, has constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense. jan 13 1stf

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MY LETTER BOX.

Why doth my hand refuse to turn this little rusty key?—
Is it because I feebly dread the records there to see?
No—let me brave the sad yet sweet remembrance of the past,
And dwell again on those whose love was all too bright to last.

Here is a worn and ragged sheet—oh! I remember well
The hour in which its burning words upon my spirit fell;
That hour is past, and with it fled that youthful passion too,
And I meet his cold and steady eye with a steadiness as true.

And this—*she* wrote it with a soul by agony impelled,
In hours when hopeless grief and wo her noble spirit held;
She wrote it when her last faint hope was crushed beneath his tomb,
And pale despair had shrouded her within its darkest gloom.

Here is another—let me dwell on this a little while;
It is the hand of one I loved—I see her youthful smile,
I see her soft, blue, radiant eye, her bright and dazzling cheek,
And the rosy lips that never oped, but gentle words to speak.

And this was penned beyond the sea—an only brother's heart
Breathes in each line—alas! that friends so dear should ever part!
Kind words and soothing memories this faded page recalls,
And as I read, a gentler calm upon my spirit falls.

Here is a thin, transparent sheet, and lightly o'er it traced
These fair Italian characters in beauty uneffaced;
Dear Mary, can I e'er forget how dear thou wert to me,
Or cease to mourn with stricken heart thy mournful destiny!

I saw thee in the joyous spring, and hope beamed in thine eye,
How could I deem that one so loved must pass away and die!
Yet ere the summer days with all their flowers and sunshine fled,
Thou and thy little cherished one were sleeping with the dead!

But here is one from her whose smile was as the sunbeam's glow,
Shedding its pure and radiant light on all the scene below;
Gay looks and laughing eyes are here before my spirit's eye,
And I see that smiling maiden stand in all her witchery.

And here are some from one who sought amid the sweet south-west,
A home his youthful fancy had in gayest colors drest;
How Hope springs forth from every word, and Joy breathes in each line!
Oh! a sunny path and a bounding heart, young friend, be ever thine.

And these—a separate packet, placed aside with so much care,
And neatly tied with ribbon blue—I wonder whose they are!
Ah! these indeed are all too dear to meet another's eye,
And you need not seek, with curious gaze, within their folds to pry.

There, turn the key—I will not bring these memories of the past,
The loved, the lost of other days their spells have o'er me cast;
They haunt me mid these faded sheets, those images so dear,
And though the *few* may claim a smile, the *many* wake a tear.

S. A. N.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

The solemn stillness of an unpeopled spot,
Was suddenly disturbed by human tones.
The sleeping echo, for the first time wakened
Sent back hoarse laughter, then a fearful oath,
And then a mingling of discordant sounds.
A pirate band had brought their ill got gain
To this lone place, where none might tell the tale.
The trees stand motionless, as half afraid
Of these intruders who have shown no sign
Of bond or brotherhood 'twixt them and these.
Save one—whose spirit seems of gentler mould;
He heeded not the jest which now went round;—
His pulse is hushed—his quivering lip is pale—
Something hath stirred the memories in his soul.
Hath he been deaf to mercy's suppliant voice,
And doth a dead man's eye now look on him?—
Nay—somewhat gentler steals across his thought:—
He listens, till the tear drops from his eye,
The first had wet his cheek for many a year.
Hush! 'twas the cooing of a gentle dove,—
And it brought back the childhood of the man,—
His pleasant home, his mother's soothing voice.
'My God,' burst from his press'd and whitened lips,
'What was I once, and oh! what am I now?
Home, innocence and peace, where have they flown?
Give me but strength, and they are mine once more!'

What's in a sound—
Oh, what is not? it hath a mighty power.
Tis said that flowers are the alphabet
By which the angels *write* their thoughts for man,
Why may not sounds their *spoken* language be?

Years have passed by—a pleasant dwelling stands
Upon a spot which overlooks the sea.
Before its door is placed a marble font,
From which, a sculptured dove doth stoop to drink,
And on its pedestal are graved these lines.

Thy cooing, sweet Zenaida dove,
Recalled my erring soul to love,
On stormy seas of vice afloat,
I found a pole-star it thy note.

The thunders of rebuke had come
In vain, to win the wanderer home;
But in thy voice, a mother-tone
Sent through my heart a longing moan.

Baptized in guilt's o'erwhelming wave,—
A dove from heaven descends to save.
'Beloved Son, to Me return!'—
How did my stricken spirit yearn.

The trembling magnet in my breast,
Sweet bird! has found a point of rest.
Now safely moor'd, my heart to thee
Clings with the truest constancy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

It was the land of poetry and of song—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air, like a sweet odor was to the senses as soft thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving in the pallid hue of his countenance the first faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in cumbrous binding and massive clasps, which the Roxburgh Club would now consider an invaluable black-letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

'The saints have you in their keeping!' said his elder visiter, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

'The dear Madonna bless you!' ejaculated his other visiter, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.

'And now,' said the merchant, for such was the elder visiter, 'that your wounds are healing and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country.'

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied, 'I am of England, and a soldier, albeit of the lowest rank.'

'Of England!' hastily responded the merchant, 'of England! of heretic England!' He crossed himself devoutly, and started back as if afraid of contamination.'

'I may not deny home and country,' replied the soldier mildly.

'But I should incur the church's censure for harboring thee!' exclaimed the merchant; 'thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!'

'Then let me forth,' replied the soldier; 'you have been to me the good Samaritan; and I would not requite you with evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need.'

'Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and besides England was once one of the brightest jewels in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear me, she will not, for your master, Henry, is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolic care. Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee!'

'Even so,' replied the soldier, 'but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by.'

'The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold,' replied the merchant, hastily; 'but you are the king's soldier; you take his pay, you eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope the best for him, and even so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but, now I bethink me, thou wert reading; what were thy studies!'

The brow of the soldier clouded—he hesitated a moment, but then gathering up his resolution, replied, 'In the din of battle this book was my breastplate, in the hour of sickness my best balm,' and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

'Holy saint!' exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back as he beheld the volume which his church had closed against the layman. 'Thou art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon thy land! Nay, thy sojourn here, may bring down maledictions upon me and mine! upon my house and home! But thou shalt forth! I will not harbor thee! I will deliver thee over to the church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child! away from him!'

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the lying light of the sun as he passed majestically on to the shrine in other lands. One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

'You are thinking of your own far off home,' said the Italian girl: 'how I wish that all I love had but one home—it is a grief to have so many homes!

'There is such a home,' replied the soldier.

'Ah!' replied Emilia: 'but they say that heretics come not there! Promise me that you will not be a heretic any longer.'

The soldier smiled and sighed.

'You guess why I am here to-night,' resumed the Italian girl. 'I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and therefore, you smiled, and you just breathe one little sigh because you leave the bright sun—— and me.'

'Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to your implacable church?'

Emilia crossed herself. 'No, no, go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me when I begged it of him with kisses and tears. Go and be happy, and forget us.'

'Never!' exclaimed the soldier earnestly—'never! and you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—words are but poor things to thank thee with.'

'I shall see you no more!' said the young Italian, 'and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of floods and fields? I have been happy while you was here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when we first found you covered with blood, on our way back to Milan after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed, but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your sick pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-foot, and pray for the Madonna's care. And when you revived you smiled at my flower, and, when you had voice to speak, thanked me.'

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs, and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingled with them?

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footsteps till they were lost to sight, listening to them till they were lost to sound and then abandoned herself to weeping.

'Thou art sad, dear daughter,' said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once countrified expanse through which we jostle on our way from the City to Westminster.

'Thou art sad, dear daughter.'

'Nay, my father,' replied the maiden, 'I would not do so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when—'

'The heart is sad, thou wouldst say—'

'Nay, I mean it not.'

'I have scarcely seen thee smile since we entered this England—I may not say this heretic England.'

'Hush! dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude!'

'They are running madly to some revelry.'

'Let us leave the path, then,' said the girl; 'it suits not our fallen fortunes, or our dishonored faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageantry.'

'Well, and if it be so,' replied the father, 'haply the gewgaw and the show might bring back the tryant smile to thy lip, and lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! not one care-worn brow!—thou mayest catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream.'

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost penniless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in silver and gold and merchandise.

The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded, and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with the gold and the purple, came on laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies, 'the King! the king! long live the king!' He came—Henry VIII, came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendor, in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretensions of the pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, and the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and foreign aspect of the girl, had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course the English colors triumphed over the papal. Up to this point, the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream, amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge, groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm, and implored him, by every fear to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips, 'Oh monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrelegious king!' sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough; the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arms.

Oh, sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolations by which each endeavored to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grave of the year coming as it does with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of which he had made Lord Cromwell vicar general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favor with the judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar-general, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached, by lineage, and love, to papal Rome. Strangers, as they were, poor, unknowing and unknown, what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope!

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places: a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passion in the judges as well as in the judged. On one hand, recreant fear abjured his creed; on another heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake, with even passionate desire; and the pile and the stake were given with stern and unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age: the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow, and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the pope as a true son of the church; denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted; there came a sudden rush, fresh attendants thronged the court.—'Room for Lord Cromwell! room for Lord Cromwell?' and the vicar general came in his pomp and his state, with all the insignia of office, to assume the place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read, it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet when the vicar general gave his token of assent the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the veriest accent of despair, rang through that court, and where it met with a human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon some of the natural feeling that divide men from monsters.—That sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's ear; his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emilia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perefct stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking in a low voice, apparently to himself—'From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition, and Charles's knavery—the loss of substance—to England to reclaim an old indebtedment:'

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. 'Ye are of Italy—From Milan; is that your birthplace?'

'We are Tuscans,' replied the merchant, 'of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it now to this unhappy girl.'

'To both, or to neither!' exclaimed the girl; 'we will live or we will die together!'

The vicar general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly; at a sign given by him, the proper officer declared the court adjourned; the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would—others, whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced from a chink of the prison walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay, slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched,—to light on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou not remember how thou hast felt and wept, any agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen; she was lying on that prison floor, her face pale as if ready for the grave, the tears yet resting on her cheek, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking herself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visitor advanced with a quiet tread; the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet could it be? that his judge—Lord Cromwell, the vicar-general, stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye—not with denunciation on his lip, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

'Awake, gentle girl, awake,' said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia, 'Let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in mine ear in other days.'

The gentle accents fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber: and the merchant, whose fears, feelings, and confusion, formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of 'Emilia! Emilia! awake, and behold our Judge!'

'Nay, nay, not thus roughly,' said Lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent position into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

'Look on me, Emilia!' said Lord Cromwell. And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar-general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance, and in a voice of passionate amazement she exclaimed, 'It is the same! It is our sick soldier guest!'

'Even so,' said Lord Cromwell, 'even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death, as your judge; but fear not, Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be, Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that, but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew and rich in fragrance, which thou used to lay upon my pillow, while this head throbbed with agony of pain upon it; fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm: and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home! Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed?—to a prison and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father and share it.'

An hour! who dare prophecy its event? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowing captives of a prison: at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.

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